

## At the Gates of St. Peter

waiting for when I can't  
with dripping sands and turning hands  
and I only came here to die  
there's only half a day ahead and I  
with rings of shadow round my eyes  
I'll bide my time  
and hope to find  
a peace of mind  
a final fleeting glance at grand design

waiting at the gates of st peter  
Im fine I got time on the meter  
I'll help myself to the lukewarm coffee  
and I'll idly flip through the old worn copy  
of the time magazine yeah

pages of printed words  
and silent songs I've never heard  
and little lies that are living in disguise  
the news I know is nothing new the same  
old story with another name  
the players change  
the game remains  
and I refrain  
from waging winning bets with the insane

waiting at the gates of st peter  
Im fine I got time on the meter  
I'll help myself to the lukewarm coffee  
and I'll idly flip through the old warn copy  
of the time magazine yeah

occasionally I leave the room  
for subtle smiles and strong perfume  
and I'll admit there are times that I think I'm found  
but in the end the scent runs dry it seems  
I cannot grasp the subtleties  
or meet the needs  
sign the deeds  
and be at ease  
so I sigh and sit back in my seat

waiting at the gates of st peter  
Im fine I got time on the meter  
I'll help myself to the lukewarm coffee  
and I'll idly flip through the old worn copy  
of the time magazine yeah

sitting out by the gates of st peter  
one in my head one in the chamber  
sittin out by the gates of st peter  
what am I yeah call me a cheater